

Spring Break by kinghairington

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Summary:

When you and Steve come home from college for spring break, you're determined that he won't be spending it alone in an empty house.

Spring Break

Author's Note:

Request: Hi! I wanna request a very fluffy Steve x reader. Steve's parents seem to be absent all the time, so Steve spends a whole day (or more idk) at reader's house (with reader's family oc) and everyone just make him feels at home. Thank you :)

Your family was closer than most you knew, but it wasn't until you started dating Steve Harrington that it became obvious. It seemed like his parents were never home. The two of you had been dating for a little under a year and you had seen his mother twice and his father zero. Sure, it was easy for you two to be alone whenever you were home, but it made you sad for him. And you knew that Steve put on a brave face when his parents, or his mom specifically, weren't there.

Most of all, you didn't understand it. Why weren't they ever there for him? You learned how often they missed his basketball games and swim meets in high school, and they weren't there when he came home for college breaks. Steve was a great guy and the fact that he didn't have a family to be with gave you more reason to want to be with him all the time.

Thankfully you were attending the same state school, which helped your relationship, so the two of you traveled back to Hawkins for your breaks from school. Your relationship started that way. You didn't have a car with you at school, so you hesitantly tracked him down at your mom's insistence and asked him if you could ride home with him one long weekend.

That was almost a year ago. You had been dating ever since that trip.

Steve tried to assure you that he would be fine alone while his parents were at another conference ("Babe, I'll be fine. It'll be better than hearing my roommates fighting all the time."). But you weren't having it. He was staying at your house this break.

You mother was delighted when you mentioned it, though you omitted most of the information about his parents. You didn't want her to feel bad for him. Then, there was your brother. Dustin was ecstatic. He had clearly missed both of you, maybe Steve a little bit more. Your brother loved Steve, not that he would ever say it out loud, but you were positive that Steve felt the same way.

"Why don't you come stay with us this week?" You asked, laying back on the hood of his car at the quarry. It was your first afternoon back in Hawkins and, despite the weird stuff that happened from time to time, you liked the familiarity. He was right; it was quieter than college.

Your eyes were closed, but you could still hear Steve turn to look at you.

"What do you mean?" He asked, moving to lay next to you. His arm brushed yours and you smiled softly.

"I mean, my mom and Dustin would love if you'd come stay with us." You opened your eyes, tilting your head to look at him. "And I would like it, too."

Steve thought it over, his hand trailing from your elbow to the hand resting on your stomach. Then he intertwined your fingers.

"I guess that would be okay," he said, cheeks reddening just slightly and his voice getting tighter.

"Yeah, I thought it would be nice, too. I already mentioned it to my mom and she's excited, but we have to stay in different rooms." You grinned at him and rolled to rest on your side. It wasn't comfortable, but you wanted to see his face.

He laughed softly. "I'll sneak into your room anyway?" He asked, leaning forward to press his lips to yours. Now it was your turn to blush.

Pulling away, you said, "Maybe."

"That was amazing, Mrs. H," Steve said while you were finishing up

dinner that night. Your mom had gone all out with the food, making a dinner big enough to feed the entire neighborhood. And, of course, Dustin and Steve had put it all away like it was a small snack. In fact, Steve was still chewing as you stood to take a couple of the plates off the table.

"It's okay," your mom said, coming around and taking the plates from your hands. "You and Steve go into the den and relax. Dusty and I will take it from here. You had a long drive."

Dustin groaned but followed your mom into the kitchen, shooting you both a glare. You stuck your tongue out at him. He could be such a brat, but he was another thing you missed about Hawkins.

With that, Steve pushed his chair back and got up, wrapping an arm around your waist. "You heard her."

The two of you walked into the den. Almost immediately Steve claimed the recliner as his own and, peering into the kitchen, patted his lap for you to come sit with him. Your mother and brother were in the next room, but he looked more comfortable than the couch anyway, and part of the reason you invited him to stay was to be closer to him. It wouldn't hurt for a few minutes.

You went over and gently sat down on his lap, being sure not to look like you were getting too cozy.

"This is better than being at my place," he said quietly, pushing your hair away from your neck and leaning in to press a soft kiss to the skin there. Then you tucked your head on his shoulder and rested there, closing your eyes. Yes, definitely comfier than the couch. The two of you sat there in silence for a few minutes, Steve rubbing your back and you trying your best to not fall asleep right there. Your mom was right; it had been a long drive from school and you were starting to feel the effects of the day.

Just as you were beginning to drift off to sleep, Dustin burst into the room with a loud "Ew!" and you jumped slightly, earning a pained groan from Steve.

"Sorry," you muttered sleepily as you lifted yourself up and off his

lap. "I'm going to go get ready for bed. You two can catch up."

You quickly kissed Steve's lips. Before you even made it to your bedroom door Dustin was excitedly filling Steve in on some of the new games at the arcade.

It was no surprise when the next day, Steve took Dustin and the rest of the Party to the arcade. You decided to stay home with your mom so the two of you could talk about school and your lives. Sure, you spoke on the phone every other night, but it was better being in the same room with her.

Something else that wasn't a surprise was that all she wanted to talk about was Steve.

"Mom!" You exclaimed, throwing your head back and laughing. "You sound like a girl with a crush."

She chuckled. "I'm just happy for you," she said, making you glance over at her with a blush forming on your cheeks. "You know I love Steve and I can tell you do, too."

Oh.

Sure, you and Steve had been dating for quite a while, but that part of your relationship hadn't been reached. It was difficult with school, even if the two of you were on the same campus, to see each other all the time and you were preoccupied with your classes. But you did love him.

And you knew that Steve felt it. He told you in other ways, by showing up to your dorm room as soon as boys were allowed in with coffee and muffins so you could have breakfast together, not pushing you to talk if you were having a bad day, and slipping notes under your door if he came to your room when you weren't there.

You tried to show him in your own way, which was why you asked him to stay at your house all week.

"I do." You nodded at your mom and she put an arm around your shoulders to pull you into her side. "Just maybe not as much as

Dustin.”

“That boy has it bad.”

Right on cue, Dustin and Steve were bounding into the house joking with one another. Your mother gave you a pointed look and you laughed, shaking your head at the boys in front of you. Yeah, they were definitely your favorite ones, and it made you feel warm inside to see how well they got along.

“What?” Dustin asked. His eyes were curious as ever. Steve, meanwhile, was standing there looking just a little confused at the interaction.

“Oh, nothing,” You said, moving forward to grab Steve’s hand and steal him away. “It’s just my time with Steve now.”

It was almost time to go back to school and you could have stayed for months and it wouldn’t have lasted long enough. There was something special about Steve being in the house all the time, having dinner with your family, and even helping your mom cook. Well, she tried to teach him how to make a few relatively simple meals so he wouldn’t always have to eat cafeteria food. But, most of all, it made you realize that being with Steve, living with Steve, was the most natural thing in the world.

You were one hundred and ten percent positive that you wanted that forever.

One night, as you were getting into bed after telling everyone goodnight, you heard a soft knock on your door. It was cracked open, so the guest pushed it open the rest of the way and came in and closed the door behind them.

“Hi,” you said, laying back against the pillows as Steve walked over to the bed.

“Can I sneak in?” He asked, grinning playfully at you. You nodded.

“I’m glad you did. I was starting to think you forgot mentioning it, so I might have been planning on sneaking off to your room tonight.”

With a wide smile, Steve sat on the bed by your legs and you sat up the rest of the way, wrapping your arms around his neck. His arms immediately went to hold you to him.

“Thanks,” he said, causing you to pull back enough to see his face.

“What are you thanking me for?”

“Everything, this whole week. You didn’t have to ask me to stay here. I pretty much stole your family for the week.”

You shook your head.

“That’s impossible. You’re my family, too.”

Without a word, Steve pulled you back to him and captured your lips with his in a slow kiss. That was another thing you wanted with him forever.

“Can you kiss me like that always?” You asked, looking straight into his eyes. Steve didn’t look surprised by your words, more relieved. He kissed you again, this time pushing you gently down on the bed and settling halfway on top of your body. You’d made out in your room before, both at home and at school, but this felt more important.

His hand was creeping up your side when you pulled back for air, running your fingers down the back of his neck.

“Steve,” you said, kissing the corner of his mouth and murmuring against his skin. “I love you.”

You could feel his lips form a smile against your own mouth as he turned his head to meet your lips again.

“I know,” he replied, nipping your bottom lip. “You know I love you, too, right?”

“Yeah, you show me all the time.”

“Let me show you some more,” he said and you couldn’t help but laugh. Thankfully your brother and mom were asleep already or you’d have to deal with someone coming into your room to tell you

to stop making out with his friend.

Spring break should be wild according to your friends, but instead, you experienced one of the most memorable moments of your relationship. It was much better than going to some beach. As soon as you were on campus, you'd have to make more time with him like this, just the two of you.